

WIFE, CHILDREN, HOME AND FRIENDS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by CORA LINDEN.

Music by H.P.DANKS.

Glissicato.

VOIC E.

PIANO.

'Tis
'Tis
A -

said, when man to till the ground, . The gate of E - den pass'd, . A
sweet to toil when trusting hearts . . Our hon - est love re - pay . . . With
- mid the round of vex - ing cares . . . That come, for come they will, . . How

pi - ty - ing an - gel at his feet . . . Four gold - en bless - ings cast ; And
smiles . . . that fill the hum - blest home . . . With sun - shine day by day ; . . . 'Tis
soon . . . the gen - ial air of home . . . Each trou - bled thought can still ; 8 It's

thro'. . . . that long, long waste of years, . . . To us. . . . their joy de - scends, Four
sweet to toil when fondest words. . . . At eve our com-ing wait And
deep af - fec-tion, tried and true Of bliss - ful mag-ic lends, Oh,

gifts that smooth life's rugg'd path, . . . Wife, Child - ren, Home and Friends. . . .
lit - tle feet will gladly run To meet us at the gate.
blest of all our treasures here, . . . Wife, Child - ren, Home and Friends. . . .

CHORUS.

SOPR. To these. . . . we cling, and at their shrine . . . Each no - - bler feel-ing
ALTO. To these we cling, to these we cling, and at their shrine Each no-bler feel - ing bends, Each
TENOR. To these we cling, to these we cling, and at their shrine Each no-bler feel - ing bends, Each
BASS. To these we cling, to these we cling, and at their shrine Each no-bler feel - ing bends, Each

Wife, Children, H, and F.

bends: For these we toil, for these we live, . . . Wife, Child - ren, Home, and

nobler feel-ing bends: For these we toil, for these we live, for these we live, Wife, Children, Home, and Friends, Wife,

no-bler feel-ing bends: For these we toil, for these we live, for these we live, Wife, Children, Home, and Friends, Wife,

Children, Home, and

Friends.

Child-ren, Home, and Friends.

Child-ren, Home, and Friends.

Friends.

Ending.